

Discorder



that magazine from CiTR 101.9fm



Kaiser Chiefs & OK Go & The Caesars 22-20's Wolf Eyes Hot Snakes
What the Heck Fest Mail Art Aimee Mann The Believer Cheb i Sabbah Martin
McDonagh Melodium Circus Contraption The Nervous Patterns Raised
By Wolves Sweatshop Union The Loved Ones & Crowned King Platinum Pied
Pipers The Raveonettes Robert Dayton Four Slicks Why? Spoon &
the Clientele French Cinema Built to Spill & Chad Vangaalen The Fatals

July 2005

ALMOST AS GOOD AS CANADIAN IDOL...

SHiNdig

Attention all bands,
musicians, drumming monkeys!



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We are now accepting entries for SHiNdig! 2005.

Send in your minimum 3 song demo of original material (all styles welcome) for an opportunity to play CiTR's annual music deathmatch! Toss your demo, contact information, and anything else that you would want us to have before August 15th to:

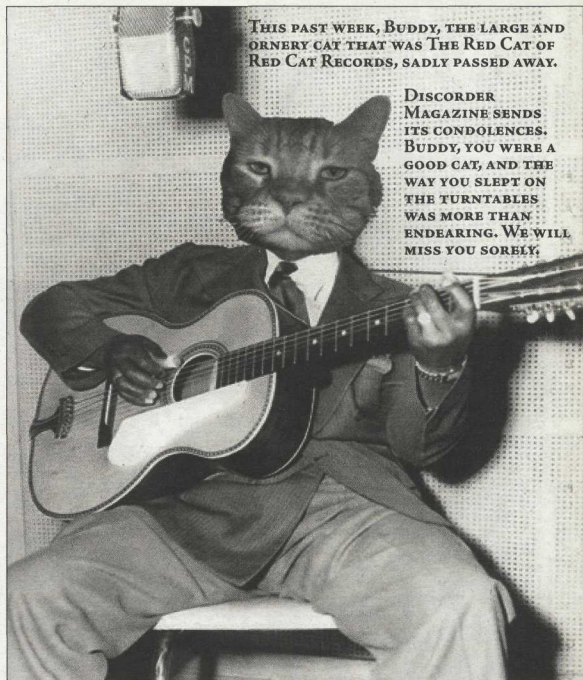
SHiNdig! 2005
c/o CiTR Radio
#233-6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1



Questions? Interested in becoming a sponsor? For more information please visit <http://shindig.citr.ca> You can also call Duncan at (604)822-1242 or email Ben at benlai@citr.ca

THIS PAST WEEK, BUDDY, THE LARGE AND ORNERY CAT THAT WAS THE RED CAT OF RED CAT RECORDS, SADLY PASSED AWAY.

DISCORDER MAGAZINE SENDS ITS CONDOLENCES. BUDDY, YOU WERE A GOOD CAT, AND THE WAY YOU SLEPT ON THE TURNTABLES WAS MORE THAN ENDEARING. WE WILL MISS YOU SORELY.



Discorder ✈

That magazine from CiTR 101.9fm. July 2005.

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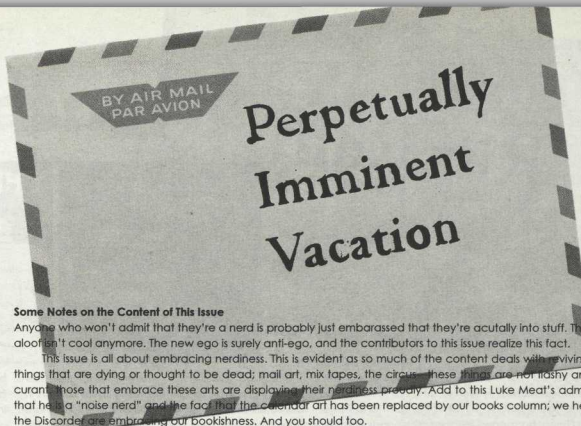
I went overboard on the fonts last issue. I apologise. It really was fun though, wasn't it? Just a little? This issue I retreated into typographic asceticism. Just Adobe Jensen, and Century Gothic. Not even a smallcap version of either. Instead, I crammed it full of scanned stamps.

More importantly though I would like to thank whoever it was that did the beautiful coloured margin notes to the David Foster Wallace piece in the *Atlantic* a few months back. I wanted to rip it off for all I was worth and use their ideas to accent Luke's discussion with Wolf Eyes, but the differences between Mr. Wallace's writing (long and descriptive) and Mr. Meat's (short and sweet) made it so that coloured annotations just became a mess. Hence the jabby arrows. Perhaps I will have another chance in the future.

The calendar has been a place for pretty art for the last few months, but this month we were short on space, so Dory's essays took it over. Feel free to hang them on your kitchen wall.

If any of you know the people who these envelopes are addressed to...by all means write us. Or...them.
Graeme

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Some Notes on the Content of This Issue

Anyone who won't admit that they're a nerd is probably just embarrassed that they're actually into stuff. Thing is, alor...it's cool anymore. The new ego is surely anti-ego, and the contributors to this issue realize this fact.

This issue is all about embracing nerdiness. This is evident as so much of the content deals with...the things that are dying or thought to be dead; mail art, mix tapes, the...these things are not flashy and au...curant...those that embrace these arts are displaying their nerdiness proudly. Add to this Luke Meat's admission that he's a "noise nerd" and the fact that the calendar art has been replaced by our books column; we here at the Discorder are embracing our bookishness. And you should too.

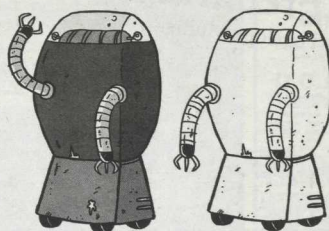
But Despite Our Nerdiness We Are Still Cool: A Word or Two What The Heck Fest

Alright kids, folks, fans, whoever you may be. Throw the tent and the sleeping bag in the trunk of your car and blaze on down the I-5; put some tunes on the stereo and head for Anacortes, Washington the weekend of July 15-18 for a homegrown assortment of music, art, multimedia, and garage-sale-goods. We'll meet you there.

This year is the fourth for What The Heck Fest, where the folks from Knu-Yr-Own Records, the Department of Safety, and K Records team up to put on a festival of Pacific Northwest goodness. The event coincides with Shipwreck Day, an eight-city-block garage sale put together by the Anacortes Chamber of Commerce. Expect the sun to shine and the city's residents to be out prowling for antique toasters and ocean-air-added out-of-towners as you stroll around town enjoyin' yourself.

The lineup at this year's festival offers a great mix of bands from Anacortes and beyond. Local musical landmarks will include Mt. Eerie [whose new album, coming out August 16th, will be specially available at the festival], the Blow [the Knu-Yr-Own site describes her as "an Olympian with that strong magnetic Anacortes blood"], Karl Blau, D+, Laura Veirs, and Little Wings. Vancouver makes a day-trip in the form of Mecca Normal and Piano. Kimya Dawson's flying in from New York to do her riot-grl folk thang, and perhaps most exciting in a totally-surprising-but-still-makes-sense kinda way, Krist Novoselic will be kicking off the whole weekend with a reading from his book *Of Grunge and Government: Fix This Broken Democracy!* The former Nirvana bassist is all about electoral reform these days, and maybe you'll get a chance to have a beer with him and discuss why STV-BC didn't pass.

The Discorder editorial and production folks are gonna be there. And you should too, Nerds



sinewave

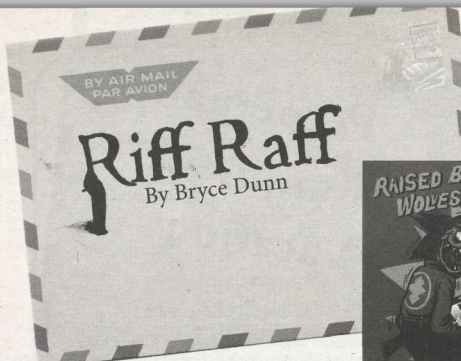
A TON OF AUTOMATONS 12"

Sinewave's forthcoming CD, Unity Gain, has been a work in progress over the past three years and includes the debut single, A Ton of Automatons. This single sees Sinewave trade in his drum & bass beats for some of the sweetest vocoder vocals this side of Air's Moon Safari.

Available on iTunes

univirepublik

listen @ univirepublik.com/music



We'll kick-start this month and open the throttle with local punks **Raised By Wolves**, who like to howl their unique brand of rock 'n' roll in the form of a three song EP that happened to fall into the hands of some unsuspecting Swedes. "Motorcycho" is a barely two-minute ripper about the joys of owning a chopper, while "Action" takes full advantage of the twin guitar attack, sharp keyboard "action" and some nice bass runs that swerve and career, keeping things loose but playful. "Blitzkrieg Boppin'" takes **The Ramones** down a decidedly rockabilly route accompanied by Billy Bones' trademark throaty croon. Tastefully low-budget, but aesthetically high-brow (thanks to cover art by Winnipeg's own **Merluku**), this is a good teaser for their upcoming full-length that somebody, ANYBODY with a full fist of cash and an appreciation for over-the-top garage rumble should be releasing damn quick. (I'm looking at you, La-Ti-Do). For now, grab this limited press on Ken Rock Records, or go to see them live and try to snatch one outta their hairy claws).



Zaxxon Vire Action Records continue their winning streak by supporting twin towers of trash in **The Fatals** and **The Nervous Patterns**. The former are Frenchmen who love their distortion (think of the first **New Bomb Turks** record), and on the three tracks reformed, even earplugs won't save you from the boom boom of "Desperate," the skull-splitting din of "Yeah, Baby!!" and the rockabilly-tinged ruckus of "If You Don't Like Me." The latter are Memphis-proud members of **The Lost Sounds** Jay Reatard and Alicia Trout exorcising some new wave demons on a one-sided two-song affair. "Beautiful Brutal," like its oxymoronic title, displays the Jekyll-and-Hyde characteristic of Jay's caustic delivery that has a certain post-punk flavour; "You Can't Change" turns the mic over to Alicia and sounds like her other project, **Mouserocket**, as a more subdued pop edge creeps in to the mix. With the multitude of bands these two are involved with, you'd think the quality of music would suffer, but as demonstrated here, there's no lack of imagination or creativity, and



half the fun is never knowing quite what to expect. (zaxxonvireaction.com for details and ordering info).

Hot off the press and into my hands arrives the sophomore effort from Paris France's **Four Sicks**, and four more tunes of hot rod rock 'n' roll to drink, drive and destroy (not necessarily in that order) is their calling card. Lyrics be damned as I can't really understand what's being said 'cept for the odd chorus or two, but no matter, I'm diggin' the sounds just fine. "Crazy Little House On The Hill" stands out with its four-on-the-floor surf beat and the other three tracks mix punk rock and flirts rockably with ease and energy to boot. (Savage Records, savagegamazine.com for more info)

And, a little nugget from **Hot Snakes** courtesy of our friends in jolly ol' England. Seems our boys were scheduled to make an appearance on the legendary John Peel show during a tour of duty overseas last year, bringing their brand of heavy drive punk and roll to the Maida Vale studios for a hasty four-song

session in preparation for the prestigious event. Sadly however, the tragedy of Mr. Peel's death postponed their fateful meeting. In honour of sorts to what could have been, Swami Records has released a posthumous tribute to the legendary DJ that includes two songs from the first **Hot Snakes** album *Automatic Midnight* (the title cut and "No Hands") and two from the most recent outing *Audit Movement* (the buzz saw antics of "Braintrust" and the more somber "This Mystic Decade"). The quality of the recordings is quite good, considering the sometimes state environment some "radio" recordings are produced in, but all in all a necessary purchase. (Swami Records, P.O. Box 620428 San Diego Ca. USA 92162)

Thanks for indulging in my record rants, now get outta here!



A SKULL IN CONNEMARA
Western Theatre Conspiracy
Tuesday 7 June
Waterfront Theatre

For much of the first act, I wondered if someone was taking the piss. It was like being back in school, trudging through the plays of Sean O' Casey and J.M. Synge and glazing over at the looping, repetitive Irishness of it all. But Martin McDonagh is a contemporary playwright who wrote *A Skull in Connemara* while still in his mid-twenties, so I was expecting a left turn at any moment. In a sense, it came, but not through parody. It was more a case of classic Irish theatre winking at itself, going punk as fuck for a bit, and then putting its slippers on before shuffling off to bed.

McDonagh sets us up with a downbeat, mildly bizarre plot in which an overcrowded village cemetery has to be weeded every year to make room for new corpses. The job has fallen to one Mick Dowd, whose own wife is due for disinterment. Since rumours still fly about the true cause of her death, the local constable (a puffer-carrying, chain-smoking, asthmatic) would love a look at her skull. The author

clearly loves language so there's truckloads of talk, and he's funniest when wit and wisdom poke through the blather. As one character remarks, "Casting aspersions is a fine, convoluted art".

The play begins skidding into irreverence when Mick and his exuberantly simple-minded young assistant start hucking human bones into burlap sacks. Things reach a thuggish catharsis when the pair gets hammered on potato moonshine and smashes the skulls to dust in Mick's sitting room, while loudly debating the merits of drowning in one's own vomit as opposed to one's own "wee."

The play's tone is slippery, and director Richard Wolfe wasn't making any attempts to nail it down. Not a bad thing, since the pitch and roll between lumbering naturalism and absurdity was pleasantly disorienting. For the actors though, this created a huge challenge that was met with varying degrees of success. As the small-town cop with crime drama aspirations, Adam Henderson owned the stage (and the best Irish accent) in the early going, although he lost muscle later on. Wendy Morrow Donaldson was awfully plodding as an old, bingo-addicted gossip and allowed that character choice to deaden her performance. But William Samples as Mick and

Johann Helf as the young man were brilliant! Samples knew just how to tease us with Mick's secrets and Helf was such a glorious, open-hearted hoodlum that someone should really call Danny Boyle.

With so many productions opting for either stylish minimalism or the existential void, David Robert's traditional set design was a lovely curiosity. It also helped confront any sense of the playwright's intentions—and I get the feeling that's just how McDonagh would have wanted it.

EL PLUGHOLE

Though almost half a century would pass before Tom Waits sang us to sleep with "You're Innocent When You Dream," his words were already a *modus operandi* for French artists under the Nazi Occupation. There was a great hunger for cinema during the censored years of 1940-44, and the worlds of dream and fantasy were a perfect disguise for filmmakers who wanted to remain creative and politically engaged—and fool the Man. Over ten days in July, the **Pacific Cinematheque** will present **French Cinema Under the Occupation**—seven films from the era, hand-picked by contemporary French master Bertrand Tavernier.

If you want to play spot-the-subtext, by all means do, but many of the films are just so wondrous at face value. Two of them stand out for their treatment of those interior realms that can't be bought or controlled. Marcel Carné's **Les Enfants du Paradis** (Children of Paradise) is downright colossal and has been required viewing for successive generations of romantic hipsters. Set among the theatres and carnivals of 19th century Paris, it features the heartbreaker of mime, Jean-Louis Barrault, and gives us an opportunity to see some of his exquisite creations full staged.

Less famous, but utterly astounding is Marcel L'Herbier's **La Nuit Fantastique** (Fantastic Night). This unselfconsciously surreal gem follows a sleep-deprived student through Paris as he literally chases down the woman of his dreams. The tone sits somewhere between German Expressionist comedy (Guy Maddin probably loves this one) and the dead-serious frivolity of *The Russian Ark*. The language is

dizzying, and the effect of watching a scene in which a woman packs a spare head with her on a midnight excursion to the Louvre is like chiropractic for the psyche. In fact, the film plays like a seamless study in the navigation of lucid dreams and has much to say about the subversive, empowering influence of REM sleep.

Les Enfants du Paradis screens July 11 & 12 @ 7:30pm
and **La Nuit Fantastique** on July 8 @ 9:20pm and July 10 @ 7:30pm. For full series info, pick up the programme guide or go to www.cinematheque.bc.ca.



Les Enfants du Paradis

Do it your own damned self

By Georgie Russel of The Seamrippers Craft Collective

Mail Art: Deco Books

Like chain letters, but pretty!

You will need:

Scrap paper: Various colours, textures and sizes—whatever you can find. You will need several pieces the same size to make the pages of the book. Most art stores have a wide selection of special papers. Try Loomis, Opus and Paper-Ya.

Miscellaneous craft supplies: Really anything goes. Whatever random craft supplies have been accumulated on your craft table or in your craft drawer or studio. The more two-dimensional the better. Keep in mind that this is a book meant to be sent through the mail, so keep it light.

Glue or tape: Make sure that you have some way of attaching all the materials to the book.

Clear mac-tac or clear packing tape: Once you have finished decorating your page, use this cover it with a transparent layer. This will protect the material and also prevent it from transferring to the other pages. This is especially helpful if you are using materials like pastels and glitter.

Someone to send it to: This is probably the most important factor. Send it to someone you love, someone you miss or someone whose art you've always wanted to own. If you can't think of anyone, you can always send it to us at: Seamrippers Mail Art, Post Office Box #307, 2763 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4C3.

Stamps: Your book won't get anywhere without them. If you want to put in a little more effort, there are a lot of stamps out there that are a extra pretty. You may even find some that match the theme of your book. I've heard a rumour you can recycle them by applying a thin coat of white glue and

then having the recipient wash it off with warm water. But that would be mail fraud so you should never do it.

Hey there Discorder readers, long time no see! I hope you missed me. Since this issue is mail-themed, we decided to include a simple project that relies heavily on Canada Post. There's nothing like receiving something in the mail that ISN'T bills or fliers, and our generation seems to have lost the art of sending things this way. The instant gratification of email is possibly more efficient but there is a different kind of anticipation that comes with opening a personalized envelope.

One of the simplest mail-art projects is the deco book which only requires a bit of paper, some imagination and a willing recipient. You simply create a small blank book with any paper or card stock of your choosing. You can either make a traditional book with papers folded down the middle and then staple or sew this 'spine', or you can staple pieces of paper together in one corner. The pages should be quite small so they can be mailed in a standard envelope. (Canada Post standard mail is minimum 3.5 by 5.5 inches, maximum 6 by 9.5 inches).

1) Pick a theme for your book, a theme that is simple to decorate and that the other participants can have a little artistic freedom with. Try a favourite colour, an emotion, animal pictures. (You can probably come up with better themes on your own.)

2) Decorate the first page. This is where being a bit of a hoarder comes in handy, as you can use any flat, light material. Use up that collection of magazine clippings for a collage or draw something and decorate it using any type of craft medium. Stickers, glitter, ribbon, rubber stamps, postage stamps, wallpaper, different coloured pens...the list is endless. Write your name and address and the theme of the book on this page.

3) On the last page of the book write your name and address and the theme of the book again. You should also write a note that says "If you are the one decorating this final page, send this book back to me at this address."

4) Put the book into an envelope and send it to one of your friends. The scheme works if they then decorate a page and send it to one of their friends, who does the same. The person who decorates the last page should send the book back to you. There is an element of risk to this, as you may not get your hard work returned to you. It's a good idea to choose someone you think will send it on. And the risk is small if you consider how exciting it is to own a personal collection of your friends work. You can use this type of process to send all types of projects. Try starting a simple drawing and having other people add to it as it is sent along. Be creative, remember that anything that you can fit into an envelope can be sent to someone. So keep your eye on your mail box. Maybe you're about to receive something good.

In case you are interested, the Seamrippers are still open for July. We have regular open hours and are still giving workshops. We apologize for our website which is in dire need of an update. If you don't find the information that you need at www.seamrippers.ca then please call us at 604-689-SEAM. We will be closed for all of August, but please come and see us at Under the Volcano on August 7th. And of course we will be open again in September with new shows and new workshops.

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS & JOE KEITHLEY PRESENT...

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Publications.
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Pointed Sticks PERFECT YOUTH
CD has 4 rare bonus tracks. Limited edition blue 12" vinyl!
The Pointed Sticks were a West Coast phenomenon that burned white hot. Their music was a legacy with their pop/punk sound. Perfect Youth, produced by Bob Rock captures their bright, fresh and fun sound at the band's peak.

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This album influenced a generation
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See www.suddendeath.com for CDLP DVD and 7" by D.O.A., Damned, THOR, Vice Squad, Vibrators, Mojo Nixon, Geoff Berner, Toxic Reasons, Sham 69, The Real McKenzies and more!

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Canada V5G 3H0



VIA AIR MAIL

Mix Tape

PART ONE: A BOOK REVIEW

Mix Tape: The Art of Cassette Culture
 Edited by Thurston Moore
 Universe Publishing, 2005

I've been making mix tapes ever since I discovered what the record button did on my first ghetto-blasters. A mix tape was a sure-fire way to let a girl to know that you liked her; hell, in Grade 11 I gave a girl eight pages of liner notes in addition to the 90-minute masterpiece I had spent the previous night making.

This art form is sadly seeing its demise in the face of the "drag and click" playlist method of burning CDs which takes away the entire ethic of what the mix tape is about. First, when you make a mix tape you have to sit there and endure the entire song. Sometimes halfway through a track you may realize that the tune blows, or it just doesn't flow the way you want. Then you have to rewind and start fresh. Also, nearing the completion of said tape, you

can fall into the dreaded "only have 76 seconds left!" on a side. Guided By Voices help out with this problem immensely. Either way, if you put your heart into the process, you will have created a piece of modern folk art that will have more feeling, passion, and personality than a limp old CD can ever capture. To quote Steve Albini, "The future belongs to the analog loyalists: FUCK digital."



In this book, *Mix Tape: The Art of Cassette Culture*, Thurston Moore has brought together 50 artists, musicians, and friends to share anecdotes regarding the best mix tapes they have received. The full-colour book includes cover art, playlists, and images

of the cassettes themselves. The range of music is quite staggering; I don't know how The Flaming Lips' Steven Drozd managed to segue Glen Campbell to the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but it seems to work on paper. There's a very touching story by Leah Singer about the first tape her husband Lee Renaldo made for her. Like I said before, tapes are a surefire way of gettin' the ladies, guys. The emphasis of this text is on how mix tapes reflect personality and offer a deeper understanding of the person who made the cassette. It is very inspiring, and it will make you wish you'd never thrown out your first Walkman.

This is a great eye-popping anthology of what is hopefully a soon-to-be-resurrected medium. It would be a great addition to any hipster's coffee table or bathroom-reading rack. That is, if hipsters have coffee tables or read on the can.

I wouldn't know.

Like Me!



PART TWO: A MIX TAPE FROM ROBERT DAYTON OF CANNED HAMM



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Are You Serious? Music – 9 to noon Sundays
 CTR 101.9FM or tune in on the web: www.citr.ca

Love from afar, love from across the country is what happened. The only reason it didn't work out was the long distance. The reality of proximity kicked our emotional asses, but it was lovely while it lasted. I take great pride in mix tape creation and chose alpha my fan faves on this, the second I made for her. We had already wooed each other but were now taking the wooing further. She chose this tape out of four or so for this column.

The first five numbers (besides the Screaming Jay track) are by white eccentrics being influenced by the Trinidadian/Caribbean/calypso sound. Late-period Nilsson opening things up with a cheap come-on turned into good natured cheer. My fave lyricist, he blended the moving with the comical, sometimes in the same verse. Beeheart sings of "meeting the monster tonight" while The Bonzos (my fave band of all time) leeringly warn "Lookout, There's A Monster Coming." The Tim Buckley track is from *Greetings From L.A.*, an album completely and overtly concerned with sex—the liner notes tell the record company to send fifty copies to a massage parlour. *Future Days* by Can is the sexiest and most sensual kraut-rock album ever. Continuing in that purple vein is a track from the fantastic compilation *Folk and Pop Sounds Of Sumatra Vol. 1* on the Sun City Girls imprint. The last four tracks on side A move into hoed romance, including the amazing track "Guess I'm Dumb" that Brian Wilson wrote for Glen Campbell and the beautiful song-poem reverie "Cloud 9."

I almost didn't print the first three songs on side B but she sent me an email saying, "No!

I think you should just write that you wouldn't normally put your songs on a tape, but that I had never heard them and asked you nicely to put them on for me! It's really important to document the tape exactly as I received it and enjoyed it. I had no way of ever hearing those songs and you put them on as a favour. People will understand..." Next up is the eerie and jaw-dropping "The Electrification" from the very flawed Walker Brothers reunion album where each member contributed songs, natch, all the songs but Scott's are laughably awful. This brilliant number foreshadows what he was to do later with Climate Of Hunter and Tilt. The Sparks number is fairly recent and shows that they can still make a great song! "It's Gonna Take An Airplane" we often flew to see each other. "Photograph": I carried her photo in my wallet. "Soup": she would make soup for me, though I never fell in like the character in this song. Etc. Ending with an instrumental from the underrated soundtrack to *What's Up, Tiger Lily* by The Lovin' Spoonful.

Note: as you may notice this tape is very light on the indie pop/rock. I am sure that some of you voyeurs out there own a lot of that stuff. I suggest you trade it all in for the albums that these songs are from. It will greatly enrich your life. If not, then I empathetically wish you good luck on your life, and please don't darken my doorstep. On another note, the lady I made this tape for and I are still close.

Robert Dayton



Fucking Wasted & Fucking Crazy

A conversation with Wolf Eyes complete with annotations by Luke Meat



Photos by Chris Walters

Wolf Eyes have more in common with a house full of Old Stock than Stockhausen. Their live show should leave any sane person regressing back to the state a four-year-old child, where all you want is your mommy and for all these evil men to stop making all the loud noise. I got to talk to them after an accidentally double-booked night at The Media Club. Wolf Eyes went on at 7:30. They were pretty drunk. I was pretty drunk. The problem with drunk noise nerds is that when we get together, we can talk for hours about lame esoteric stuff that no one gives a shit about. Hence the notes.

Disorder: True or false: Wolf Eyes is a noise band.
John Olsen: True.

How does Wolf Eyes define "noise"?
Mike Connelly: Nowadays it's weird. We come from the old school—y'know, like noise that people do NOT want to hear.

True or False: Wolf Eyes have released over 300 albums.
John Olsen: True, about 250-300 now...

True or False: Wolf Eyes are the next coming of Throbbing Gristle.
John Olsen [Jaudy]: Ahhhhhhh! No way, man! Their reunion gig was the best thing I've ever seen—it made me retarded—but the dumbest thing is when people see no drums and only electronics, people think we're like a TG thing. It's like comparing The Shaggs to The Allman Brothers. It's retarded to just look at instrumentation, because the actual instrumentation is totally different with us. Of course we all love 'em and stuff, but we are not the second coming of TG. They were all about this social art manifesto thing.

Is there a Wolf Eyes manifesto?
John Olsen: Yeah, get wasted and have fun! We got the alliance with the fuckin' bands like the **Bliss**, and fuckin' **Negative Approach**, and fuckin' y'know... just get fuckin' crazy! Technology is retarded. Y'know we're just don't 'it and gettin' crazy... and fuckin' wasted.

I love the Cannibal Holocaust! I-shirt you've got on. Have visuals ever been a part of a live Wolf Eyes experience?
John Olsen: Nahhh, not really. We used a Valley Export movie where a girl chews her fingernails off, but that's the only thing. You handle your business with sound, you don't do fuckin' Jedi Starbuck shit. We played with DJ Spooky last night and he had some Japanimation behind him and it's like, "dude, whatever."

Did you and Spooky talk last night?
John Olsen: No, nah... He's an intellectual, man...
[Another Wolf Eyes member, Nathan Young, enters dressing room]

You're wearing a [Mayhem] t-shirt! You're wearing a Mayhem t-shirt! Is Varg Vikernes innocent or guilty?
Nathan Young: Oh, guilty man! [laughs] We like **Burzum** and Mayhem.

Does he deserve to rot in prison?
John Olsen: NO WAY MAN! No one does!

Did the Norwegian black metal scene go too far, do you think? What with the burning down churches and eating sheep's brains...
John Olsen: Nahhh, I think that if anybody feels that strongly about something, [they] should do that. I'm not endorsing it, but I think all these lazy fuckers with their computers, if they actually went out and did something that they believed in...then that's fuckin' cool.

Is "Wolf" the new "Super"?
John Olsen: What?

Never mind. I noticed you were selling hand-cut, individually numbered 7-inch singles for 50 bucks a pop. Is that a tip of the hat to **Zoviet France or the **Happy Tris** at all?**
Nathan Young: Yeah, their packaging was cool. That's different from what we're doing. It was an actual product. We have an old lathe-cutter, so we're cutting vinyl constantly. We like doing kind of a one-of-a-kind thing, like a hand-cut record of a jam that we'll never hear again, as opposed to a nice package. Each one of ours is totally unique, one-of-a-kind—both the music and the record itself.

Does that attitude cross over to the live performance as well?
John Olsen: Totally! The problem with motherfuckers today is they can't do it on the spot. Y'know, motherfuckers show up with their CDs and shit like that. Everything we do onstage is on the spot: our releases, everything. If we're not feelin' it or it's not happening onstage, we'll like just hang out and talk; y'know what I'm sayin'? But all these other motherfuckers, they got it all planned and stuff like that. But since we're so dumb and fun, we'll just do what the fuck ever. Our live shit is like **B.C.**—y'know, stones and draggin' chicks back to our caves by their hair and shit.

Does Wolf Eyes get any groupies?
Nathan Young: There's a lot of girls at a Wolf Eyes show. There's a lot of criticism of our shows being male-dominated, but tonight the audience was like half-and-half.
John Olsen: We're not into being male and all this domination shit; we're into bein' ourselves and ladies who are into havin' a good time.
Aaron Dilaway: I once fell into a mosh pit at one of our shows that was all breasts.

Okay, wrapping up: do you feel lucky?
Aaron Dilaway: [loud laughter] Every fuckin' day!
John Olsen: Dude, I'm hangin' out with my best friends, drinkin' beer, actin' a fool onstage, and goin' to Brazil and seein' the world. We are the luckiest pieces of shit ever. Seriously.

The prefix "Super" seemed to dominate band names in the '90s, e.g., Superchunk, Supergrass, Superconductor. The word "Wolf" now is cropping up in a slew of new bands, e.g., Wolf Note, Raised By Wolves, Wolfsblood...it's a stupid question.

British avant-garde group known for handmade record jackets made out of materials such as burlap, tissue paper, tin foil, and sandpaper.

Another British avant-garde group known for charging ridiculous amounts of money for limited-edition 10-inch singles.

Very unfunny comic by Johnny Hart about early man.

Throbbing Gristle were the first band to ever use the term "industrial" to describe their music. Similarly known for their over-the-top, punishing performances—both audio and visual—Wolf Eyes has been compared to TG in more than a few reviews.

Seattle power-pop group from the early '80's.

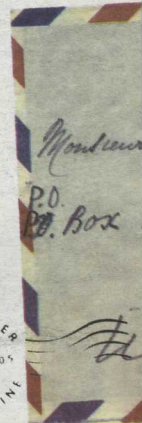
Legendary Detroit hardcore group.

A Blair Witch-style mockumentary from 1979, where a film crew disappears in the jungles of South America while shooting a documentary on cannibalism.

New York DJ most well known for inventing trip-hop. Also known for being pedantic and pretentious.

Norwegian death metal group. Bassist Varg Vikernes killed guitarist Euronymous because the latter was "more evil" than the former. Vikernes is now serving life in prison.

Vikernes' solo project in prison.



The Not So Secret Diaries of Yoni Wolf



by Mike Barrow

I've always thought that listening to a Why? album might be akin to thumbing through one of lead singer Yoni Wolf's journals. It's not always perfect, but it doesn't attempt to be; this is what keeps Yoni's writing provocative and honest. At the same time though, Why? songs rarely slip into diaristic ramble and are hallmarked by closely thought out, often poignant and sometimes funny lyrics that come into conversation with each other (check out Yoni's mention of Costa Rica in *Clouddead*'s "Apt. A (I)" and again in "All Them Boys" by Hymie's Basement, for a start). Why? occupies the no-man's-land between the front lines of spoken word, rap, folk, and pop. They find a fitting home on Anticon Records.

Yoni, the first of the now four-member group, is something of an anomaly—equal doses of uncertainty and tongue-in-cheek bravado, raw-wound vulnerability and protective obscurity, playful humour and forbidding sadness, puerile simplicity and complex maturity. In the song "A Little Titanic" Yoni explains, "I fucked your girlfriend and I'd probably do it again," before confessing his guilt as he "rubbernecks a wreck on the highway." He is the same timid self-deprecator who sings, "Kissing me is a waste of your saliva," and proceeds to explain to me how he was sweet-talking at the lady at customs so he could get some merchandise into Canada. The *Sanddollars* EP, Why?'s latest, is a pop record you could listen to while cruising to the beach on a sunny day—or it could be the soundtrack to a depressingly lonely, rainy summer spent living in a storage room in an isolated wasteland like Kerrisdale (for example).

Oaklandazulasyum, Why?'s first official full-length, was released in 2003 on Anticon. It is personal and poetic, and as a result, is at times a difficult album to access because of Yoni's quirky unconventionality and his penchant for the self-destructive. The cover image of Yoni face down in a swimming pool and the close-up photograph of "Why?" jaggedly carved underneath his left nipple provide a fitting appetizer for the sobering subject matter that follows.

The fourteen songs on *Oaklandazulasyum* were recorded by Yoni over a two-year period from 2001 to 2003. "Some of it was recorded on an eight-track and some of it I did in a computer, or a combination of both," he told me when I asked him about the album's unfinished sound.

Rather than detracting from the album as a whole, the rawness of the production and the minimalism of the compositions serve to compliment the subject matter and give the album its own unmistakable signature. "Oaklandazulasyum" is very dark, for sure. It has probably not been that dark for me up until then and hopefully won't be again."

The *Sanddollars* EP, released in the spring of this year as a precursor to a new full-length LP due out this fall, seems to be a point of departure from the bleakness of *Oaklandazulasyum*. Mixed by Tony Espinoza at San Francisco Soundworks (according to SFsoundworks.com, Espinoza has worked with the likes of Dan the Automator, Lil' Jon, New Order, R.E.M., and Alanis Morissette, to name just a few), the *Sanddollars* EP has a very finished sound that helps to brighten the feel of Yoni's poems and music. "With the nature of the songs on the E.P. I told Tony to go to town and make them sound like pop songs, and he did. He really brightened them up."

Further, fellow Ohioans Doug McDiamid, Josiah Wolf (Yoni's brother), and Matt Meldon have been added to the fold, which helps to alleviate the sense of isolation that marked Why?'s first release. Despite the added depth, most of the songs on *Sanddollars* were written exclusively by Yoni dating back as far as 2000, making them as old as material that appeared on *Oaklandazulasyum*. "Sick 2 Think" is contemplation of Yoni's reflection in the mirror of an airplane bathroom, "500 Fingernails" is a self-addressed retrospective: "You will know that you are still the fat-face, fresh-fade sixth-grader, fitted pro-model Red's cap...You will know you are still the kid sitting quietly on the creased-vinyl green-seat bus."

"There's still a lot of dark stuff about *Sanddollars*," Yoni explained before hinting that the forthcoming full-length won't be light fare, "I can't say the direction I'm going in is happy. When you hear the album coming out in September, it's pretty dark—a lot of breakup songs, death songs, stuff like that."

Though Yoni's subject material is much the same, having full accompaniment and glossy production further distances him from the cerebral art-rap tangents that he and his Anticon brethren have dared, most successfully with *Clouddead*, a group that included Yoni, Doseone, and Odd Nosdam. Whereas *Oaklandazulasyum* has discernable hip-

hop trimmings, *Sanddollars* pretty much forgoes the rap route except for a few of Yoni's croaky spoken vocal runs and some turntable work. Holding true to his anomalous modus operandi, Yoni is a bit disdainful about the rap-rep that surrounds his record label. When he saw the blurb on a flyer for his show that described Why? as "hip-hop on a higher level" he was less than enthused.

"Oh no, is that what it says?" Yoni replied, "I'm not trying to make hip-hop at a higher level. I always thought it was a bit whack when Anticon put out that first EP, and it was called *Hip Hop for the Advancement of Mankind* or something like that. I think it was half tongue in cheek and half serious, but to me it always sounded so pretentious. I don't think any of us are trying to better hip-hop. In any kind of music there's going to be bad music and there's going to be good music and you hope that you are on the good side of things. You try to be honest with your shit. All I think we try to do is make honest music and it sounds whatever we feel like." There is little doubt that Yoni is honest with his music—it is human thoughts, moods, eccentricities and observations, wars and all.

True to Anticon form, Yoni has been busy working on a plethora of side projects. He worked with Andrew Broder from Fog on a typically difficult-to-classify album that showcases some of the best work by both Broder and Wolf. He recorded with *Clouddead* producer Odd Nosdam under the moniker *Reaching Quiet*, and remixed a track for *Themselves' No Music of Affairs*. He worked with Doseone on Hood's *Cold House* and recorded with Dose as *Greenthink*, appeared on *Pedestrian's* latest release, *Volume One: UnIndian Songs*, and is discussing plans to record an collaborative album with *Pedestrian* and *Alias*. For now though, Why? are busy touring Europe in support of *Sanddollars* and will be touring extensively this winter (Australia and more European tour-dates are in the in the works) and hopefully they will roll back through Vancouver sometime soon.

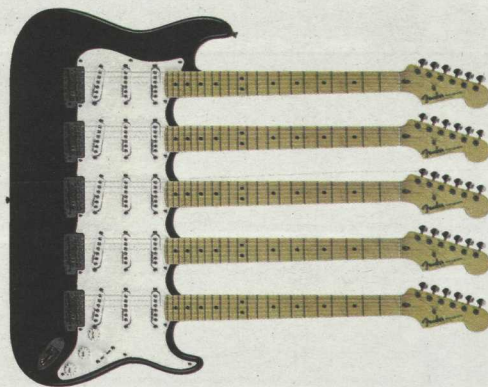
If you like music that forces you to engage, pick up a Why? record. But don't fool yourself; be prepared to ponder what you're listening to. The pleasure of reading somebody's journal is in thinking about their thoughts, not letting them think for you.



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The Denim Demons, The Jots @ The
Cellar, Dance Disaster Movement, Kai
Me Tomorrow, Primes, Hot Licks @
The Amphitheater in Mar Vista, The Notes

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Elizabeth Theatre, New World On
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Phoenix @ Video-In Studios

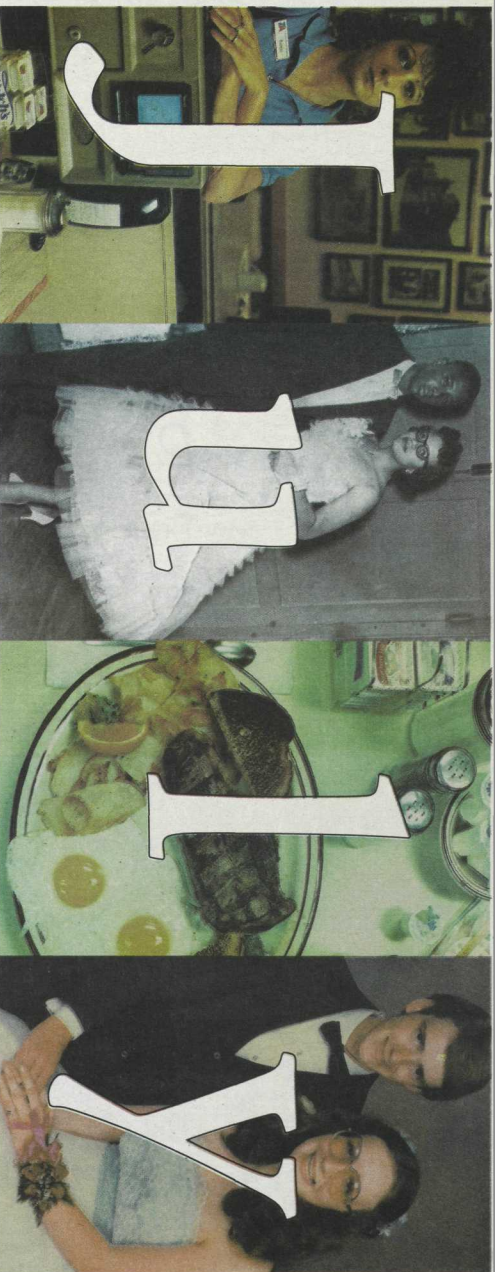
NOUVEAU DIMI

2" to Justin Timberlake's naked by the end of this. I mean, even though I've ruined the

2" to Justin Timberlake's naked by the end of this. I mean, even though I've ruined the

you'll be impressed, stop at the examples and say "I've totally before." See, you've been a clever writer all along.

U.S. POSTAGE



Is really a good time for being lazy on the porch with books

From Night: The Best Night of Your Life
Elissa Stein

Chronicle Books

Poles and Dishes: The Food and Faces of the Roadside Diner

Stephen Schachter

Fineprint Mechanical Press

Prom, as an event, is clearly an exaggeration of real life. It's right at the borderline where every girl has a friend who has been to a prom and in a way, there's the dress that she'll have to wear. There's so extreme, as when all the girls, dressed and feathered and powdered, the 70s, are made so much more clear by the prom photos and the book teenage monstrosities. This makes *From Night: The Best Night of Your Life*, a collection of prom photos that spans several decades, about more than simply fashion through the ages. There's a certain reality in this, extension—unlike fashion models or designers, prom-photos have but one chance to wear the outfit of the year, one chance to look stylish and classic and one chance of the night of their lives.

From Night is author Elissa Stein's second foray into this sort of publication—her previous book, *Cheerleaders*, is a collection of photos of cheerleaders throughout the ages. Like that volume, *From Night* is an assortment of photographs collected—not taken—by Stein. The images

in this book are knowingly typical: pictures of teenaged couples, decked out in outfits that are exaggeratedly of their eras, posed awkwardly in living room and back yards, on front steps, and in front of the "Enchanted Under the Sea" backdrops provided by official prom photographers.

While the photos are fabulous, the text in the book is disappointing: one page of halfhearted timeline of prom traditions, and one page of writing from the author about compiling the photos. Stein writes about how the fun of the compiling process was in the stories, the Kodachrome (the 80s), and the black and white (the 70s). The photos in this little book hint of all the untold stories behind them. I wonder about how Linda Klose ended up with two dates and why Dean Melle and Mark Blank posed for pictures in a laundromat. It's disappointing that there isn't any writing to go along with the photos; even a few lines of text per snapshot would raise this book from klutzy gift to cultured history.

Where Elissa Stein is a curator of photographs for the sale of juxtaposition and examination, Stephen Schachter, author of *Poles and Dishes: The Food and Faces of the Roadside Diner*, is a photographer who uses the medium almost as an excuse to write the essay. The photographs in *Poles and Dishes*, taken during a cross-continent-and-back-road trip where every meal and every waitress was documented, are beautiful. This picture-taking was the

point of the trip, a reason and a way for a photographer to travel across North America and explore the largeness, tenderness, and consistency of the continent. In the long introduction to his photographs, Schachter writes that diners are "small jewels" in the big country that he loves. In his photographs, pictures of food and waitresses, smiles are saturated with color and simple in composition. They are uncomplicated and charming, mixed with undeniable smiles of location, such as adorning and emblems printed on napkins, placemats and aprons, but the single depicted are universal.

Schachter's photography, Stein's, also imply a kind of universal. The waitress with a nose ring and on her arms, the few unapologetic stars amidst the generally pleasant smiles on his server, focus, the telephone placed on the table in one breakfast spot—but for the most part, these stories go untold, not because the author has deliberately left them out, but because they are unknown. The women that Schachter met on his trip are familiar kind of strangers—we all understand the trope of interaction-with-server, and we know that it is often neither appropriate nor possible to uncover a whole life's story. So Schachter takes a photograph and moves on.

Some of the stories, however, are explained, like that of the Pie Lady, or the one waitress who almost refused to have her photo taken but relented when Schachter pleaded, explaining that if she didn't comply he'd have

to go find a different diner and he was really hungry. As he writes these stories in the introduction, Schachter seems glad to be able to tell them. He took his trip to find the stories, and even though he declares that he is not a writer, and that the photographs will do the storytelling, his willing is sincere and give the book a sense of context.

Sincerely, however, is no cover-up for the fact that this collection of photos is just as confined and critical as Stein's album of prom pictures, where strangers share pages, the things photographed in Schachter's book are not the dinner and dishes of a normal routine, but the moment of the diner's life. It's a book that is as every night's greasy diner fare and away from the food in everyone he meets it there is something something about America. Unlike the prom photographs, as taken from real-life prompts and elevated to the subject of an art book, *Poles and Dishes* was the point of Schachter's meandering pilgrimage, and it's hard to forget that.

These volumes are not fanatical or purely or pedantic—it would be hard to do that in a book of photographic. Rather, they make the real world feel more natural and normal by giving us an exaggerated look at simple things. Fashion, food, mules, cheese, that's all there is to it.

Dory

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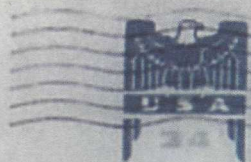
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SUN DIMI

1 Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings @ The Commodore, Young & Easy, Saratoga
2 Rascal Flatts @ The Commodore, K-COS, James Brown @ Union Hall
3 Lenny Kravitz @ Union Hall, K-COS, James Brown @ Union Hall

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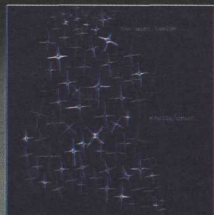
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Photo by Melanie Dueck

Woah, the Raveonettes have a TOURBUS?

By Mike Von Thrust

Until arriving at Richard's on Richards on a sunny spring afternoon, I thought that this interview would be no problem at all. You know, having a smoke and a coffee with the band, bantering about this and that, then saying "Good question!" enthusiastically after every question I ask. Who knows, maybe a bit of flirting with Sharin Foo, the Raveonettes' own Nico, would not be out of the question. I'd make clever comments, the band would laugh. No problem.

I arrive at Richard's. The Sony promotions rep. informs me that the interview will take place on THE TOUR BUS. I start to sweat, and my pulse rate increases. THE TOUR BUS? I've never seen the interior of a TOUR BUS before, let alone interviewed someone aboard one. I see other interviewers from other publications milling about, waiting for their turns. They are all decked out in hipster regalia, checkered Vans and everything. Their photographers all have expensive cameras with big lenses. They seem to be much more in command of their recording equipment than I am: I'm experiencing extreme technical difficulties with my fucking minidisc recorder.

Finally, the aforementioned Sony rep. approaches, telling me that Raveonettes' frontman and mastermind Sune Rose Wagner is ready to see me. We walk up to the TOUR BUS, overshadowed by its lowering chrome and glass brown paint bulk. We board, passing by real-looking journalists. The bus is dark. The brown plush velvet upholstery absorbs all light. We make our way past the bunks and various facilities to the back of the bus. I introduce myself, sit down and prepare my recorder. My photographer, Melanie, takes her position. The interview begins.

Oh yeah. Did I mention that this all took place on the TOUR BUS?

DISCORDED: Mr. Sune Rose Wagner!
Sune Rose Wagner: Damn straight!

Alright. On the new record, the sound is a lot more straight-up reverb, without all of the distortion and fuzz of the last two albums. Was that a conscious decision, or did it just evolve that way?

That actually happened because when I was writing most of the songs for the record, I didn't have all of the distortion and stuff around. Most of them were written without it, and when we went into the studio to record, that's just sort of the way that it came out.

When I was watching Sin City, I instantly thought of your first album, and the song "Beat City" in particular... Yeah!!!

Have you guys ever considered soundtrack work, or even been approached by anybody?

Well, they've used our songs in a few movies, but not really. It would be different if we could work with a director or something and actually create music for the movie. If that were the case, though, then I think that it would be just me doing it. Since I write most of the music, there's really no point in me writing a Raveonettes record for a movie: I actually want to be a film composer when I get older, and so if I was approached and they asked specifically for original music then I would do it under my own name, and if they asked for Raveonettes stuff then they could use whatever they want. That's what would probably be the case.

What's it like working with Richard Goftehrer? Are there ever any compromises that have to be made?

Well, we produced Chain Gang of Love and the new record together. No, it's different working with Richard because he's my friend: I hang out with him all the time, I stay at his house, we go out for dinner, we go out and see bands together. So, basically what happens is he's more or less there to make sure we have a good time. Sometimes he'll make suggestions, say, "Maybe we'll put some handclaps in there." Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. It's not really producer work, like you would expect a normal producer to do, because all the songs are already written and

everything. He makes sure that we're comfortable in the studio, that we like what we're doing and if we have any issues he'll make some suggestions. It's really just a friendship. It's nice to have him around. He tells really good stories, and he's really into wine, brings a lot of good wine. He basically makes sure that the atmosphere is good for us.

How did the Moe Tucker thing come about? [Moe Tucker from the Velvet Underground plays drums on several of the tracks on the new album, as well as on the Buddy Holly cover on the promo release.] Did that come about through Richard, or through spending time in New York?

No, that came about because on the last couple of tours here this guy, also called Richard, started showing up sometimes and saying to us, "Moe Tucker says hello, she couldn't be here tonight." We were like, "Oh wow, that's pretty cool." And he's actually Moe Tucker's manager. Apparently she saw us when we played the David Letterman show and fell in love with us. She would start giving him presents to give to us, like old Velvet Underground recordings that no one has heard before from her own personal stash. Then we figured that since she's such a big fan we should play with her, so we just asked her. We came through Atlanta, she lives just outside Atlanta, and she was very flattered that we asked her. It was actually her 60th birthday that day, and she decided to spend in with us in the studio.

Did she tell you any good Lou Reed or early-day Velvet Underground stories that you could relate to us quickly?

We talked about those things but they were not really stories, more her feelings regarding the whole thing. Did she regret anything, or was she happy to be a part of that and all the people she met? She just seemed to be very happy with her whole life. She had a great time with the Velvets, she said, and it was awesome meeting all of the people that they surrounded themselves with. Warhol and all these people, that it was a great community. They just had so much fun, she said. When you see pictures of the Velvets, you always imagine this drug infused band that had all these issues with each other. She says it wasn't like that, that they were just really kids having fun, playing music. And she's still really good friends with Lou.

The last time that you were here, a man of some notoriety, another interviewer named Nardwarr the Human Serviette met with you. He gave you a CD... Last time we played here in Vancouver, right?

Yeah. And it was of a band called... [Pauses]

The Modernettes, who were a seminal Vancouver pop-punk band from the early 80s... Yeah, I remember. I don't know where that disc is now, but I actually quite liked it.

One last question: Gene Simmons from KISS was in town a while ago, and during an interview with him he mentioned that Canadians have this insecurity about their country, that they always ask outsiders about what they think of Canadian stuff. In keeping with that wise man's incisive social commentary, are there any Canadian bands that you like?

Let's put it this way. One of my favourite bands of all time are Canadian. They're from Moncton, New Brunswick and they're called Eric's Trip. They are still on my top-ten of all time list. They used to play with Sloan all the time. Are Sloan still around?

Yeah, they just played here last night. We're also very good friends with the Silks, who we hang out with all the time.

Alright! Thank you very much. You're welcome. Take care!



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the **KRYPTOS**

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the **FEMINISTS**
MONGOOSE
THE NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

Sat. July 9 @ The Candy Bar
TAMARA NILE

Wed. July 13 @ The Railway Club
the **CAPE MAY** (from Calgary)
the **ATTICS** (from Winnipeg)
plus guests

Thurs July 14 @ The Candy Bar
ALL PURPOSE plus guests

Fri July 15 @ The Candy Bar
LES BARONS
THE NEW BLACK
ROB SZABO

THE RAILWAY & NORTHERN ELECTRIC present
two special nights with
HERALD NIX
Tues. July 8
ANYHOW
LIVE RAILWAY CLUB
AT THE POINTS AT THE DOOR & UNION STREETS AT 10pm

Fri July 15 @ The Marine Club
MAKESHIFT HEROES + guests

Sat July 16 @ The Candy Bar
THE **PETS** (from San Francisco)
THE **BLANK-ITS** (from Seattle)
LADIES NIGHT

Wed. July 20 @ The Railway Club
GREAT AUNT **IDA**
REID JAMIESON (from Toronto)
IDEA OF NORTH

Fri July 22 @ The Marine Club
THE **AWKWARD STAGE**
DRIVEWAY (from Toronto)
THE **KOKIO FALLS**

Fri July 22 @ The Candy Bar
CUT THROAT - STAG REELS

Sat July 23 @ The Candy Bar
VAILHALEN
(Hot Little Rocket, Summerland/Calgary)
WET SECRETS
(Vertical Struts/Whitney Houston / Edmonton)

Tues. July 26 @ The Railway Club
the **HIGHBALLS**
SLOWPOKE & THE SMOKE
plus many B-day guests

Wed. July 27 @ The Railway Club
the **WEATHER**
BIRDS OF WHALES
plus guests

Fri July 29 @ The Marine Club
COUSIN HARLEY
THE PETE TURLAND BAND

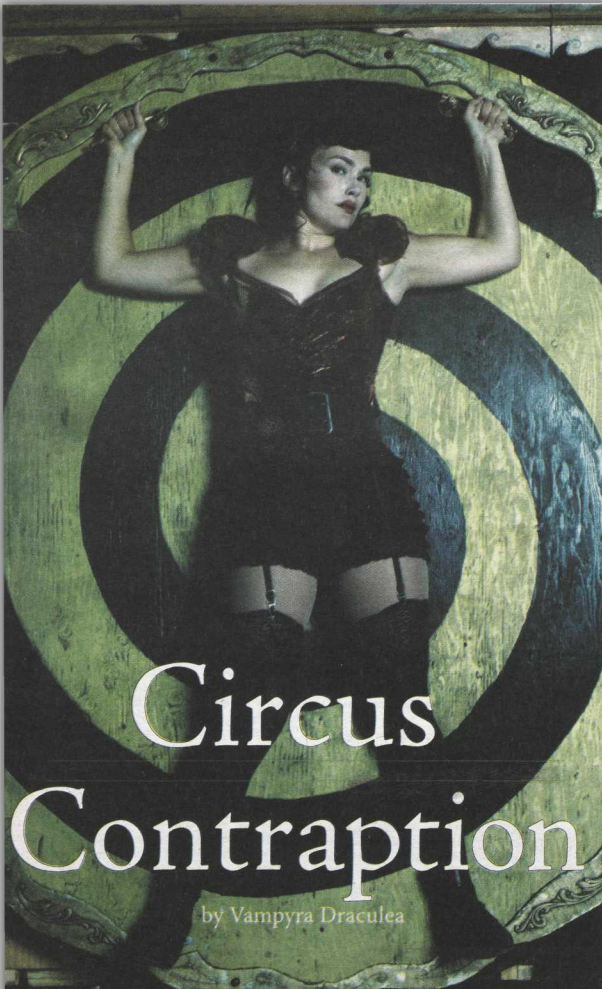
Fri July 29 @ The Candy Bar
the **KILLER WHALES**
MR. PLOW
TREACHEROUS MACHETE
THE UNTOOLED

Sat. July 30
Polynesian Twilight Lounge
In The Waldorf Hotel
LUSHY (from Seattle)
BUTTERSPRITES (from Seattle)

AUG 2: THE KICKERS -- Media Club
AUG 3: ROLL GYPSY ROLL - Venue
AUG 3: PETUNIA - Railway Club

JUST ANNOUNCED
Fri July 29 @ VENUE TBA
Rainbow Quartz Artists from Montreal
THE **HIGH DIALS**

Sun. July 31
@ The Railway Club
LOS FURIOS plus guests



Circus Contraption

by Vampyra Draculea

Photos By David Adam Edelstein



Circus Contraption has been putting on a new kind of circus show in Seattle since 1998. Under the broad, bold vision statement, "A bracing curative for the afflictions of our times," they have been heading up the circus revival. Vampyra Draculea got more info on Circus Contraption from publicist and performer Evelyn Bittner.

DISORDER: Tell us a bit about Circus Contraption.

Evelyn Bittner: After getting their dancer, musician, and juggler friends on board, Lara Paxton [the artistic director] and David Crellin [the "Ringmaster" and frontman of the Circus Contraption Band] decided to put together a show for the Seattle Fringe Theatre Festival in the spring of 1999. The show, *A Surreal Circus*, was a collection of dance performance, aerial acrobatics, music, juggling and comic interludes, characterized by bizarre costumes and masks and fantastic original circus music performed live. It was a hit at the festival, and after it was over, most of the performers decided that it would be fun to keep it going, and try to be a real circus in Seattle.

Where do you get your inspiration from?

Our inspiration comes from old-time American circus and carnival themes, freak shows, cabaret and vaudeville. The aesthetic definitely is toward the raw, live, scrappy, surreal and darker undercurrent around those traditions—nothing too slick or clean. The down-and-out elements of society and the naughty take their place in our work next to bizarre creatures, and themes of love and death become juxtaposed with the downright silly and Dada-esque.

What themes are most important to Circus Contraption?

We have an extremely strong ethic of being self-produced. Every one of the members has multiple artistic leanings: Circus Contraption as a project is an outlet for all of these. Add info that the performance skills—credible musicianship, aerial work, acrobatics, physical comedy, juggling and dancing—and it all gets blended in to create this other world that the audience gets to experience for a while. It's also really important to us that the audience be a part of the show, that we are not too removed; we want their experience to be as live and interactive as possible. Circus is not an experience for only the privileged few!

So what's your current production about?

Circus Contraption's *Grand American Travelling Dime Museum* was inspired by a host of odd and amazing things we saw while on a 12-week tour of the West Coast and Midwestern U.S. in 2002. When we weren't performing we had time to visit some great American tourist traps. Add a variety of other cheap popular American entertainments of the turn of the 20th century: a dime museum of freakish oddities, burlesque dancers, vaudeville performers, and you've got a show! The theme and aesthetic of the show is set in 1890s America, a time when Americans were still having their eyes opened to the outside world and found pleasure in the exotic, and saw other cultures as being fantastical and curious.

What's next for Circus Contraption?

After a two-month run in Seattle we will take the show to New York City for five weeks in September, a particularly ambitious and daunting venture for all of us. We did the same thing last year by running "Dime Museum" in Seattle and then spending a month with the show in San Francisco.

Any chance there will be Canadian dates?

At this point we have no firm plans for anything beyond New York City, so of course there's a chance! We did perform at the Victoria Folk Fest in 2003, and had a great time there. It would be great to do that again sometime. We love Vancouver, so if we had an invitation, sure, we'd come!

What do you think is fueling the underground revival of circus?

My take on it is that people want a real experience. They want to be close to something that takes their breath away, that engages them in a palpable and immediate way. The virtual reality of computers, video, television, etc. makes other types of experience possible, but not as directly as a live performer in front of you. In live performance there's always an element of chance, of real danger, of the unexpected. No two performances are ever the same. Revivals happen when people feel a need for them to happen, because the elements those things provide aren't being supplied in other forms of art or entertainment that are available. Circus will always be with us because it fulfills a need for wonder and amazement that we can't get any other way.

Any advice for those wanting to run away and join the circus?

We made our own circus. We did it, and we're proud of it. With hard work and vision, artistic skill and persistence, anyone can do it. You just have to go for it.

Circus Contraption's *Grand American Travelling Dime Museum* runs at the Magnuson Community Center Auditorium in Seattle, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays through July 30, 2005. For more info, visit www.circuscontraption.com.

Freaks & Fire: The Underground Reinvention of Circus

J. Dee Hill
Soft Skull Press

Ever wondered what happened to the circus? Surely it hasn't degraded into the kind of non-offensive pablum safe enough for Rella fans to enjoy. At least you hope so.

Well, you're right. And if you don't know where the circus has been, you just haven't been looking for it the way J. Dee Hill has.

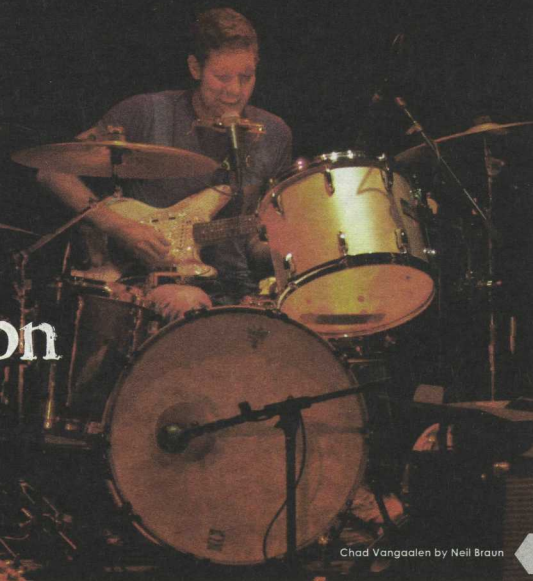
Hill has gone on a journey through the new wave of American underground circus, following groups and acts as diverse as Jim Rose alumnus Enigma, fire-based artists such as Flam Chen and Seattle's own surreal Circus Contraption. She covers each circus in a fair amount of depth, going over the basics of their histories and ideologies, but she also gets deeper than that, spending a lot of time conveying the feel of each circus and its performances.

She also examines the meaning and function of circus in the modern world. After all, why do we need the circus? Is it the commentary and comedy? The dream of being able to run away with one? Or the way the circus carries you away while you sit engrossed in the performance? It's really all of this and more for the audience. What drives the circus and its revivals is an even deeper need to perform and play in this deeply rooted institution of human culture.

Vampyra Draculea



Real Live Action



Chad Vangalen by Neil Braun

Built to Spill

Chad Vangalen

June 18

Commodore Ballroom

Two summers ago, Built to Spill came to Vancouver and packed Richard's on Richards for a wonderful show. This time, the show was at the Commodore, the venue was just as packed, and the music was just as enjoyable.

Not having previously heard the work of opener Chad Vangalen, I imagine my surprise and amazement upon his first entrance onto the stage: picture one man sifting at a drum set, holding a guitar, and wearing a harmonica. Calgary's Vangalen, newly signed to Sub Pop, played a long set of songs, many from his one (and as of yet) only LP proper. What Vangalen lacked in originality of overall sound, he more than made up for with his obvious talent, making the act of singing and playing several instruments at once seem effortless.

Despite this display of musical genius, Vangalen was unfortunately unable to silence a group of people in the front who, while loudly (and ironically) exclaiming phrases like "listen to this guy, he's awesome," would not be quiet for long enough to actually listen to the music...or to let anyone else listen without distraction.

Only minutes passed before the stage was taken by Built to Spill.

led by the same old Doug Marsch in his trademark beard and big white t-shirt. The band played to hundreds of rowdy and excited fans who were undoubtedly thankful to see Built to Spill in a Canadian city, rather than having to drive down to the US like most Canadian fans who don't live on the West Coast. Fans were rewarded for their presence at the show with a loud-but-not-too-loud, nearly flawless set, filled with newer songs like "Strange" from their 2001 release *Ancient Melodies of the Future*, older songs like "Built to Spill" from the 1993 album *Ultimate Alternative Wavers*, and even new endings to favourites like "Center of the Universe" from *Keep It Like a Secret*.

The band played well into the night, peaking with a very intense "Alien Fugue," and the mood at the Commodore Ballroom didn't drop from its initial height for one single minute. It takes a band like Built to Spill to create such an incredibly soaring amount of energy without any theatrics or stage antics whatsoever, and they certainly did just that.

To say the least, this show was a great way to say goodbye to spring and hello to summer. Besides, any show that David Cross would hang out at has got to be good, right?

Kimberley Day

Kaiser Chiefs

OK Go

The Caesars

June 05

Commodore Ballroom

On the night of Sunday June 5, OK Go, The Caesars, and The Kaiser Chiefs rocked the stage at the Commodore Ballroom while a crowd full of enlivened fans shook the dance-floor. Starting off the stellar concert, OK Go played a selection of new songs as well as a few older singles. Although their set was short, their presentation was not: With just enough time left, Damian, Tim, Dan, and Andy put down their instruments, cleared a section of the stage, and danced to a recorded track from their new CD. Bringing smiles and laughter to the already pumped crowd, OK Go's choreographed dance number brought their set to a unique end.

Taking the darkened stage, The Caesars continued to build the energy sparked by OK Go and played an excellent set to a spirited crowd, some of whom even started a circle pit on the dance floor. They ended the set with "Jerit Off," and the audience definitely loved the dynamic tune.

The night's headliners, The Kaiser Chiefs, took an already brilliant show and made it rock. The set climaxed with a mad performance of "I Predict a Riot", where the crowd jumped higher and higher with smiles stretched across their sweat-dripping faces. Lead singer Ricky Wilson dove off the stage and to be caught by the excited fans below. Once back on the stage, Ricky sometimes shared the microphone with members of the audience, giving them a

chance to sing along. Throughout the night, spirits were high, the line-up was fantastic, and the show produced enough energy to keep you dancing all week: at home, at work, and, if we lived in a world where no one was considered to be crazy, up and down the aisle of the bus.

Julie Rankin

Tsunami Bomb

Crowned King

The Loved Ones

Kane Hodder

June 06

Mesa Luna

I had great expectations for this show, but they were shattered when I arrived at Mesa Luna to learn that the headliners never made it past the border. Tsunami Bomb was not the only band unable to play the show that night: one of the opening bands, Kane Hodder, was unaccounted for as well. Usually, you'd expect the show to be cancelled under these circumstances, but not tonight!

What the hell am I supposed to talk about now? I had loads to say about No Cal punks Tsunami Bomb, their relation to AFI, and the recent replacement of their original guitarist. But I guess all that info is totally irrelevant now. Let's focus our attention on the two bands that actually played that night.

The first band to play was The Loved Ones. Straight out of Philadelphia, this supergroup formed from the ex-members of *The Curse*, *Trail by Fire*, *Paint It Black*, and *Kid Dynamite*. I was impressed by how quickly these guys got the crowd of 50 (or less) people dancing and singing.

Sounding very much like *Hot Water Music* or *The Explosion*, their mix of punk and straight up rock and roll blended together seamlessly to create insanely catchy songs that all the underage kiddies at Mesa Luna could not get enough of. And judging by the amount of people lined up at the merch table to get their hands on a copy of the band's EP and bag for their autographs, it looks like The Loved Ones are, for lack of a better phrase, truly loved.

The second and final band to go on was Crowned King. I was never really a fan of this band, but I was amazed by the dedication these guys had to their music and their fans. The fact that there were hardly any people at the show did not seem to discourage them at all. They played as if they were playing to thousands of adoring fans. The kids went crazy for the band's sugary sweet pop-punk melodies infused with aptly placed trombone riffs (think *Less Than Jake*). Though I left fairly content, I (and I believe many others) could not shake the sheer disappointment of Tsunami Bomb's absence.

Marielle K.

Spoon

The Clientele

June 17

Commodore Ballroom

There are certain physical attributes that truly capture the essence of rock 'n' roll: Spoon frontman Britt Daniel's smarmy good looks and blondissimo charm are high on that list. On the other hand, a green floral neck brace most certainly is not. Hampered by my neck brace (spinal injury,

don't ask) and attendant feelings of unrock, I was nonetheless enthusiastic about seeing one of my favourite bands have their way with the Commodore Ballroom.

Upon arrival, I immediately grabbed a drink and slid over to a table in the shadows, hoping to hide my indisposed state from the legions of hyperactive Spoon devotees. Opening act The Clientele provided a suitable soundtrack for my clandestine people-watching, but offered precious little in the way of engaging live performance. The London-based group peddled their hazy atmospherics and psychedelic pop nostalgia to a largely indifferent crowd, as the buzz of conversation was easily audible over the lush guitar arrangements. With little or no differentiation between songs, the set quickly descended into monotony, punctuated only by the band's repeated insistence upon being called "All Tomlinson's Bicycle Party." Oozing English aloofness, the only party The Clientele could successfully throw is a unicycle party of one, with headphones.

Spoon, on the other hand, know a thing or two about having a good time; if only the good people of Vancouver were equally as knowledgeable. From the opening chords of "The Beast and Dragon, Adored," the lead-off track from Spoon's latest album *Gimme Fiction*, I knew I had to at least try to dance, fragile neck and all. While some rambunctious folk near the stage thrashed about with abandon, most of the crowd responded to Spoon's irresistible groove with some earnest toe-

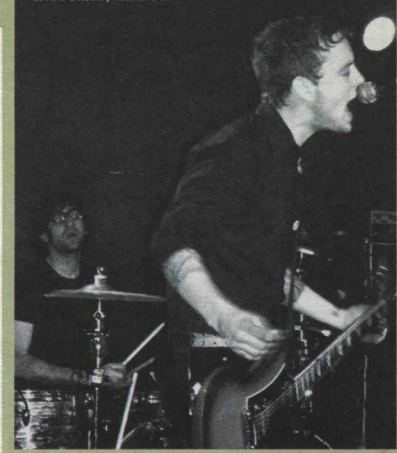
tapping or head-bobbing.

Dancing isn't the only way to enjoy a show—watching Britt Daniel's economical guitar work and Jim Eno's metronomic drumming was mesmerizing. Since most Spoon compositions clock in under the three or four minute mark, the band was able to cover a wide range of material, showcasing new songs alongside favourites from *Kill the Moonlight* and *Girls Can Tell*. Old singles such as "Everything Hits at Once" and "The Way We Get By" had everyone

cheering and singing along. While I would have enjoyed a tad more interaction with the crowd, my only real complaint was with the venue itself. The Commodore's cavernous space diffused Spoon's dense, hard-hitting sound, making the show pale in comparison with the immediacy of 2003's sweaty appearance at Richard's on Richards. Regardless, even from within the confines of my neck brace, this was one of the best shows I've been to this year.

David Ravensbergen

Loved Ones by Marielle K.





22-20's
5/7

(Heavenly Recording/EMI)

Coming from four young lads from Lincoln, England who take their name from a song written by **Stig Jarnes** nearly fifty years before they were even born, this earnest take on ragged blues with soul and proto-venibilities is refreshingly accurate. There's some early **CCR** infected in "The Devil Inside" while the spirit of **Otis** flows through "Such A Fool" and bits of **Dylan** are packed in "Friends." Fans of *The Slights*, *The Greenhorns* and other like-minded outfits will probably dig this also. These guys still have some room to grow, so watch for them to make waves real soon.

Byce Dunn

CHEB I SABBAH

La Kahena (Les Voix Du Maghreb)
(Six Segrees Records)

After two highly acclaimed albums transforming the classical and devotional musical traditions of the sub-continent with his "DJ Science," plus remix and DJ-mix CDs to his credit, Algerian-born **Cheb I Sabbah** now turns his digital gaze closer to his original home area, in this case North Africa. Collaborating with some of the most distinctive female singers from the Maghreb (meaning "western" in Arabic, is the region of the continent of Africa north of the Sahara desert and west of the) **Sabbah** has crafted arguably his finest excursion yet.

La Kahena is named after a 7th century North African leader who rallied all the Berber tribes against the Arabic invasion of Kabylia, Algeria. Drawing heavily from Arab, Berber, Andalusian and Hebrew elements, **Sabbah** treats the original sources and regional performers with same genuine respect as was found on his past efforts (*Shir Durga*, *Krishna Lila*) whilst applying his now-recognizable mixology to create a truly unique soundscape. Unlike many other DJ/producers who often source and sample indigenous cultures without any real context, **Sabbah** puts the musicians and their traditions first and foremost in the mix. Featured

on this recording is Algerian Rai singing sensation **Cheba Zahouania**, **B'nel Marakech** (The Women of Marakech) who draw from Gnawa, Rai and Chaabi (urban pop) influences on the lead-in track "Esh-Sani, Alash Mihit (Why Did I Follow Him?)" Adding more modern touches to the mix are reggae collaborators **Bassil El-Lawell** and percussionist **Karsh Kale** along with **Richard Horowitz** (composer/musical consultant for the soundtrack to the film *The Sheltering Sky*) on Ney flute and Canadian cellist **Rufus Cappadocia** amongst others.

Highlighting the various rich musical traditions of the Maghreb is certainly something to sing about while **Cheb I Sabbah's** transformations and mixing of all these traditions is worthy of praise.

Roman Howard

Aimee Mann

The Forgiven Art
(Superego)

Aimee Mann knows how to write a solid melody, and she has a warm, welcoming voice that is a pleasure to hear. But the main reason I, and many (but not enough) others, listen to her is her lyrics. She has a striking talent for making the most ordinary, seemingly plain people into fascinating subjects, and the real genius of her lyrics is their ability to make the listener feel like they have at least a tiny little bit in common with the characters she portrays. There are few artists out there now who can make you feel emotionally connected to the people in her songs as well as **Aimee Mann**.

Her new album, *The Forgiven Art*, is more of the same, and that's a good thing. A sort of concept album, it revolves around the story of a boxer and his lover, and their destructive relationship. This is due in no small part to his drinking and drug problem. After she leaves him, he tries to clean up, to give up "the world inside the glass that struggles to conceal the wreckage on the overpass," as he confesses in "I Can't Get My Head Around It." He can't get her out of his mind, and it's in the song "Video" he wonders: "Tell me why I feel so bad, honey—fighting left

me plenty of money, but didn't keep the promise of memory lapses." It is such a revelatory lyric, exactly what I'm talking about.

There are many of these moments in the album and I'll leave it to the listener to discover them. An album that I like more every time I listen to it, *The Forgiven Art* is yet another successful addition to **Aimee Mann's** body of work.

Robert Ferdinand

Melodum

La Tete Qui Flotte
(Moulin)

If *La Tete Qui Flotte* is approached from the right angle, on the right day, with the perfect shade of orange (or maybe blue) coming through the curtains, it can be really sublime and beautiful. Stylistically the music sounds equally influenced by **Air** and **Philip Glass**, with a lot of repetition and minimalist but surprisingly emotional progressions, all filtered through a somewhat cheesy and sometimes experimental 60s instrumental electronic vibe. When I first heard the album, the conditions must have been right, because I loved it instantly, but every time I listened to it afterwards it sounded boring and cold, until this very moment, when I finally understand it once again. Think of it as ancient ruins that only reveal themselves fully on the solstices, when the sun is lined up just perfectly...those ruins usually won't be the most popular tourist attractions, but for those lucky enough to witness them at the right time, it'll leave the most wonderful memories.

Soren Bros.

Platinum Pled Pipers
Triple P
(Ubiquity Records)

The Pipers did out of Detroit like a luxury special edition sedan: subtly tasteful exterior cloaking the extra benefits within the cab and under the hood. Solidly built as a steel frame, the Pipers are a pair of producers that created a powerful coalition of artists and sounds on a single record that asks itself to represent a cutting edge new feel from Detroit hip hop. They invoke

22-20s



the spirit of **Molown Records** through the use of brass horns, steel drums, cowbells and possibly steam whistles. The Pipers have mastered the "breathless bass," the deep tone at the end of an exhalation that coats track after track on the record. On top of this is a calculated blending of electric sounds and acoustic strings. The solely instrumental tracks ("After the Worries" and "They Don't") are gorgeous and dirty, like the clash of rusted cymbals.

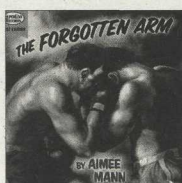
In contrast, the vocals are incredibly human. The singers **Zeno, Georgia** and **Tombe Lockhart** push the pitch of the octave, stretching notes that stop just short of cracking. These female vocalists give the record a delicious sugar that allows the bitter-tasting beats go down easier. **Rapper/producer** and former **Slum Village** member **Jay Dee** lays down a few rhymes on a couple of tracks, but the lyrical limit is set by **MC Invinible** on the song "Detroit Winter." She throws down a collage of imagery evoking the harsh chill of the gutted ghettoes in the city's winter months, and does so over a perfectly arranged driving bass line. As a final sweet goodbye, the **Platinum Pled Pipers** present **Paul Simon's** "Fifty Ways To Leave Your Lover" with a snare drum keeping the beat.

Zach Goleman

Sweatshop Union
United We Fall
(Ballface Records)

Sweatshop Union has done Vancouver proud once again—and maybe done a hip hop a favour as well. *United's* production is the first thing to impress, as the opening track begins with a beautifully sombre treble arrangement laid over short monotone vocal samples and well-used distortion. As the album launches into its second track ("Cut Back") which begins with great head-nodding beats that go on until you realize that it is, in fact, a partying song, with a high energy rhythm fondly reminiscent of **Iggy Pop's** "Lust For Life." The rocking method slows back down to head-nodding and rewards dedicated hip hop heads with

Aimee Mann



famous excerpts from **De La Soul's** record *Stakes is High*, and bits of **Q-Tip** on the mic. **Sweatshop** are glad to present their myriad influences and preferences: "Hit the Wall" contains a loop of the introductory chords from **Bob Dylan's** "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You." As the album winds down after a solid fifteen tracks, listeners will be glad to be reminded of hip hop's ability to successfully hum the blues and pluck the strings of electric guitars.

Literally, the Union go over alternative, conscious, yet well-worn ground: they criticize the commercialization of art, the tragedy of war overseas, the exploitation of women in the workplace, and the emphasis on materialism in everyday life. They do it well, and one gets the impression that as long as they avoid the offensive clichés of how much money they have, how they cruise in their cars, how women cling to their arms, **Sweatshop** will continue to be very successful. A last note: it is good to hear solidly pleasing hip hop in the absence of a recent **Jurassic 5** album. **Sweatshop Union's** diverse vocalists keep the group sounding fresh, the diverse timbres and styles complement each other. Emcee **Marmalade's** baritone acts as an anchor to the group much in the same way the **Chali 2-Na** does for **J5**. There is a lot here that makes one want to go back and listen to *Quality Control and Power in Numbers*.

Zach Goleman

Various Artists

The Believer 2005 Music Issue
Compilation CD
(The Believer)

Sometimes when I'm watching movies, I like to pretend that the characters played by the actors are composites of every character that actor has ever played. Like **Batman** is also the main character in *American Psycho*—he just doesn't like to talk about those years he spent killing women because it doesn't really fit in his current hobby of pursuing vigilante justice. Sometimes this thought-experiment infiltrates

the way I listen to music, and I wonder: is the person **Colin Meloy** addresses when he wails "Oh, my love, we both go down together" the same person that **Joanna Newsom** is thinking of when she says "Oh, my love, it was a funny little thing"?

Thankfully, the compilation **CD** enclosed with the June 2005 issue of *The Believer* (the monthly advertising-free magazine put out by people associated with the **McSweeney's** literary scenterism) can answer my question with a definitive "yes, yes they are the same person, and that same person has the potential to hurt both **Colin** and **Joanna** very deeply." This CD is an excellent collection of contemporary indie musicians performing songs by other contemporary indie musicians. It's a musical show-and-tell of "what are you listening to now?" and it is in this context that the **Decemberists** step up to the front of the classroom and belt out **Joanna Newsom's** "Bridges and Balloons" with mope and ache. It goes on from there, **Spoon** singing **Yo La Tengo**, **The Shins** doing **The Postal Service**, **Devendra Banhart** covering **Antony & The Johnsons**, **Wolf Parade** paying homage to **Frog Eyes**, **Mount Eerie** playing a song by **Thanksgiving**.

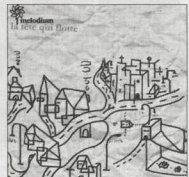
Even though the idea seems like it's just kinda kitschy and cute, the songs do not seem like ironic parodies—they just sound good. The songs that I know well come across well, those doing the covering play the songs like they're their own and sound sincere, but they also convey a sort of excitement over being able to play these songs that they're really digging. There are inevitably songs that I don't know the originals of, but these cover versions are lovely and pleasing nonetheless. This album, rather than serving only as a marker of this year-in-music—according-to-*The Believer*, is a really good compilation CD.

Dory Karmel

See Page 10 for a review of this issue of *The Believer*.



Cheb I Sabbah



Melodum



Platinum Pled Pipers



Sweatshop Union



Charts

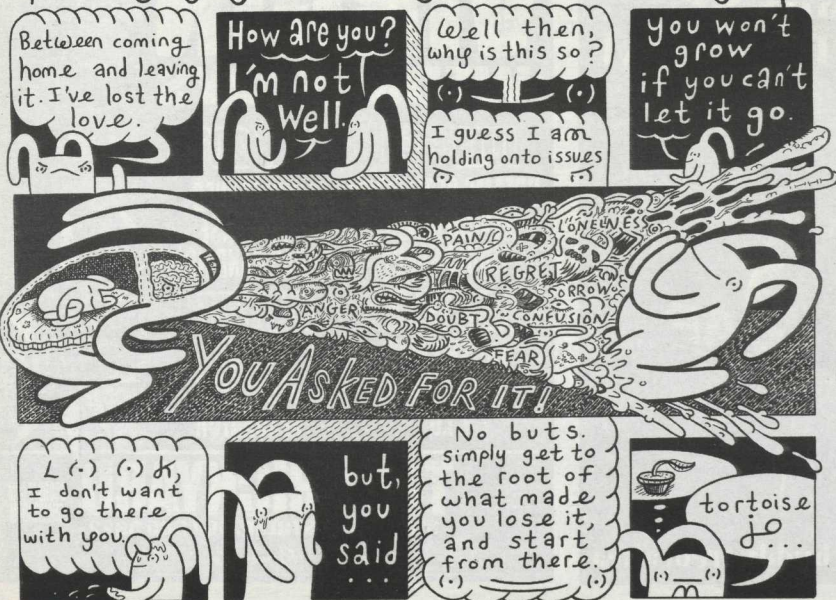
#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	SHARON JONES AND THE DAP-KINGS	Naturally	Decca
2	THE FLOOR*	Personnel	Normals Welcome
3	THE HIGH DIALS*	War Of The Wakening Phantoms	Rainbow Quartz
4	AT THE DRIVE-IN	This Station Is Non-Operational	Fearless
5	TEENAGE PANCLUB	Man-Made	Merge
6	NEW YEARS RESOLUTION*	Bullets Of Love	Independent
7	NOVILLERO*	Aim For The Holes In Their Lives	Mint
8	THE POINTED STICKS*	Perfect Youth (Reissue)	Sudden Death
9	THE RUSSIAN FUTURISTS*	Our Thickness	Upper Class
10	DRUNK HORSE	In Tongues	Tee Pee
11	THE DISKETTES*	Weeknights At Island View Beach	Blocks Recording Club
12	AUTECHRE	Unfilled	Warp
13	DANIEL LANOIS*	Belladonna	Anti
14	THE EPOXIES	Stop The Future	Fat Wreck Chords
15	TRELKIS	Coffee Or Tea	Face Value
#	ARTIST	Title	Label

16	NEGATIVLAND	No Business	Mordam
17	SPARROW*	The Early Years	Absolutely Kosher
18	VARIOUS*	90.9 With A Bullet: 20 Years Of Calgary Music On CJSW	Saved By Radio
19	NEINS CIRCA*	Sunday Anthems	Blue Curtain
20	MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	At The Centre	Thirsty Ear
21	THE PLANET SMASHERS	Unstoppable	Stamp
22	THE TURBO A.C.S	Avenue X	Gearhead
23	WHITNEY HOUSTON*	Whitney Houston	Rectangle
24	FOUR TET	Everything Ecstatic	Domino
25	LEE HUTULAK*	Angel Trumpets Clicking Death	Leisure Thief
26	BELLE AND SEBASTIAN	Push Barman To Open Old Wounds	Matador
27	CHIXDIGGIT*	Pink Razors	Fat Wreck Chords
28	CADEAUX*	Physical City	Sound Document
29	THE PONYS	Celebration Castle	In The Red
30	HOWLING DIABLOS	Car Wash	Alive

* DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT.

finding joy

by Luke Ramsey



VIA AIR MAIL

PRIORITAIRE
1-a-klassbrev

PRIORITAIRE
1-a-klassbrev

PRIORITAIRE
1-a-klassbrev



Program Guide

All the shows! In alphabetical order!

DISORDER
JULY 2005
MAGAZINE

LISTEN TO CITR AT 101.9 FM OR
ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

A chance for new CITR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<www.africanrhythmsradio.com>

AFROBEAT

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<uget_afrobeat@yahoo.com>

ALT. RADIO

Hosted by David B.

AND SOMETIMES WHY

First Wednesday of every month.

ANOIZE

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

AURAL TENTACLES

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

BLUE MONDAY

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

THE CANADIAN WAY

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal! <the.canadian.way@popstar.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

British pop music from all decades.

CIRCUIT TRACING

CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast

featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

CODE BLUE

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

DEMOCRACY NOW

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González.

EARWAX

"notz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE

«En Avant la musique!» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

ENGAGING THE WORD

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists interviewed by James O'Hearn.

ESCAPISM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy. Hosted by DJ Satylcon. <DJ.Satylcon@hotmail.com>

EXQUISITE CORPSE

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

FLEX YOUR HEAD

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo, flexyourhead. <vancouverhardcore.com>

FOLK OASIS

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Bikenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997. <folkoasis@canada.com>

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com <crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

HIGHBRED VOICES

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES

IN THE SHADOWS

THE JAZZ SHOW

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

July 4: Today's date did not go unnoticed by The Jazz Show as we pay tribute to the USA by playing music by saxophonist/composer Oliver Nelson and his big band suite called "The Afro/American Sketches."

July 11: Pianist Horace Parlan leads an eclectic sextet featuring tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin and guitarist Grant Green and trumpet ace Johnny Coles through a great program of originals from Parlan and other jazz composers in a date called "A Happy Frame of Mind."

July 18: A great studio session by saxophonist John Coltrane and the "Classic Quarter" with pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and some of Elvin Jones' finest drumming. The "out of this world" session from 1962.

July 28: Piano genius Phineas Newborn Jr. graces tonight's show with his stunning virtuosity in a program of standards and blues and jazz originals. Newborn is accompanied by none other than the great Ray Brown on bass and drummer Elvin Jones showing

us another side of his talent in a piano trio.

JUICE BOX

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexually educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! <www.juiceboxradio.com>

LAUGH TRAXES

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

Hey Jorid! See your show description? No! I thought not! Um...this show has eclectic pop and rock and hip hop and show listings and stuff. It's hosted by Jorid Sparke.

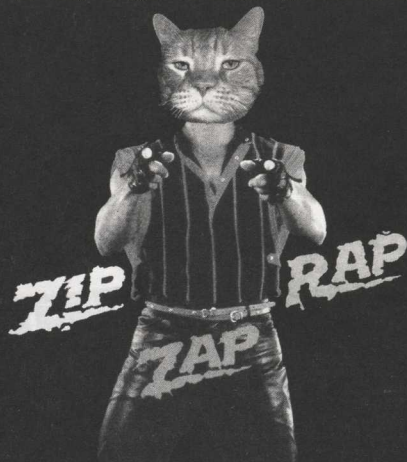
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO

HELL

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month will probably be the best month ever.

July 7: Transylvanian Polka, City Streets

Red Cat Records
4307 Main St.
New & Used CD's & Vinyl



ph. 708-9422 * email buddy@redcat.ca

SPM MUSIC AND CITR 101.9 PRESENT THE RETURN OF...

VIRGIN
WEDNESDAYS

JULY 6TH
DREAMS OF TREASON
MEXICO MEXICO
LIQUID HAPPY

JULY 13TH
THE SPICOLI'S
ETHERS VOID
L.T.G.

JULY 20TH
UNLEARNED
FREEBASE
BROAD BAND NOISE

JULY 27TH
TOXIN
STONEHEAD
RESONATOR



THE BRICKYARD
315 CARRAL STREET, 604 685 3922
CITR 101.9 FM
SPM MUSIC AND CITR 101.9 PRESENT THE RETURN OF...
DOORS AT 9PM
SHOWS 10PM

July 14: The Unlearned.
July 21: TBD

July 28: Thunderbird Radio Hells
meets On Air with Greased Hair
(Bands TBD)

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD
Local Dave brings you local music of
all sorts. The program most
likely to play your band!

THE LOVE DEN
<loveden@hotmail.com>

MIRCH MASALA
MOTORDADDY

Cycle-ific rawk and roll!
MORNING AFTER SHOW

MY ASS
Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

NARDHUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE
PRESENTS...

NECESSARY VOICES
Socio-political, environmental

activist news and spoken
word with some music, too.
<www.necessaryvoices.org>
<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

All-original Canadian radio
drama and performance art
written and performed live-to-
air by our very own team of
playwrights and voice-actors.
We also welcome you to get
involved, whether you are a
professional or inexperienced...

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR
The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and
rhythm and blues from 1942-1962

with your snappily-attired host,
Gary Olsen. <ripitup55@telus.
net>

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW
Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and
some music with Robin.

OUR WAVE
News, arts, entertainment and
music for the Russian community,
local and abroad.

PACIFIC PICKIN'
Bluegrass, old-time music and its
derivatives with Arthur and "The
Lovely Andrea" Berman.

PARIS UNKNOWN
Underground pop for the minuses
with the occasional interview with
your host, Chris.

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY
Viva la Velourition! DJ Helmet Hair
and Chainbreaker Jane give you
all the bike news and views you
need and even cruise around
under while doing it! <www.
bikelife.org>

PLANET LOVETRON

Musical inspired by Chocolate
Thunder, Robert Robot drops
electro past and present, hip hop
and intergalactic funkmanish.
<lobolove@yahoo.com>

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR
Start your weekend ridiculously early
with Vancouver's super awesome
fun-time happy radio show. Playing
all the dance-punk, electro, rock,
new wave, hip hop, 80's, etc. sh!t

that your mom thinks is cool.
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

Cutting-edge, progressive organ
music with resident Halcich
and: various guest performers/
DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep
smiling blue, where's me bloody
anesthetic then? <http://
plutonia.org>

POWERCHORD

Vancouver's only true metal show;
local demo tapes, imports, and
other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead,
Dwain, and Metal Ron do the
damage.

QUEER FM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian,
bisexual, and transgender
communities of Vancouver.
Lots of human interest features,
background on current issues, and
great music.

RADIO ZERO

REGGAE LINKUP
Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted
by Sister B.

REEL TO REAL

Movie reviews and criticism.

RHYMES AND REASONS

DJ Knowone slaves over hot-multi-
track to bring a fresh continuous
mix of fresh every week. Made
from scratch, samples and just
a few drops of fame. Our tables
also have plethora of guest
DJs, performers, interviews,
giveaways, Strong Bad and

the occasional public service
announcements. <ena_@
work@yahoo.com>

RHYTHMSINDIA

Rhythmsindia features a wide range
of music from India, including
popular music from Indian movies
from the 1930s to the present,
classical music, semi-classical music
such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and
also Qawwalis, and regional
language numbers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

RUMBLSTONE RADIO

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage
mayhem!

SAINT TROPEZ

International pop (Japanese,
French, Swedish, British, US, etc.),
60s soundtracks and lounge. Book
your jet set holiday now!

SALARIO MINIMO

THE SATURDAY EDGE

Studio guests, new releases, British
comedy sketches, folk music
calendar and ticket giveaways.
8AM-9AM: African/World roots.
9AM-12PM: Celtic music and per-
formances.

SHADOW JUGGLERS

An exciting chorus of Drum 'n' Bass
with DJs Jimungie & Bias on the
ones and twos, plus guests. Listen
for giveaways everyweek. Keep
feelin' go beatz.

THE SHAKE

SKA-T'S SCENE-IC DRIVE!
Email requests to: <djska_@
hotmail.com>

SOLARIZATION

SON OF NITE DREAMS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

SWEET AND HOT

Sweet dance music and hot jazz
from the 1920s 30s and 40s.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

TANSI KIYAW

"Tansi kiyaw?" is Michif-Cree (one
of the Metis languages) for "Hello,
How are you?" It is also a monthly
Indigenous music and spoken word
show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for
those who know me from other
shows-'m Metis!), the show will
feature music and spoken word
as well as events and news from
Indian country and special guests.
Contact me at jscudeler@calgary.
ca with news, event listings and
ideas. Megwetch!

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi
Shack mixes the underground
hip hop, old school classics and
original breaks.

THIRD TONE THE CHARM

Open your ears and prepare for a
shock! A harmless note may make
you a fan! Hear the menacing
scourge that is Rock and Roll
Deodator from the most dangerous
criminal! <dominystyline@hotmail.
com>

TRANSCENDANCE

Join us in practicing the ancient
art of rising above common
thought and ideas as your host
DJ Smiley Mike leads you down
the latest trance cuts to propel us
into the domain of the mystic-al.
<trancendence@hotmail.com>

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

Dark, sinister music to soothe
and/or move the Dragon's soul.
Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.com>

VENGEANCE IS MINE

All the best the world of punk rock
has to offer, in the wee hours of the
morn. Hosted by Trevor.

WE ALL FALL DOWN

Punk rock, indie pop, and
whatever else I deem worthy.
Hosted by a closet nerd.

WENER'S BARBEQUE

Join the sports dept. for their
coverage of the T-Birds.

WIGFLUX RADIO

Listen to Selecta Kristabelle for your
reggae education.

WORLD HEAT

An old punk rock heart considers
the oneness of all things and
presents music of worlds near
and far. Your host, the great
Daryl-ant, seeks reassurance via
<worldheat@hotmail.com>

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
7	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)			
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	FILL-IN	
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	CITR NEWS + ARTS (TK)			THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)
11		LOONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS		EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)	
12			MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIZE (NO)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES (PO/EC)		GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)
1	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	REEL TO REAL (TK)	THE SHAKES (TK)	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	POWERCHORD (MT)
2		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	ENGAGING THE WORD (TK)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)	
3			CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	RUMBLSTONE RADIO (RR)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)		CODE BLUE (RT)
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	AFROBEAT (WO)	ENJOY LA MASCOTE (FR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)		NARDHUAR PRESENTS (NW)	
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)	CITR NEWS SPORTS AND ARTS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)
6		FILL-IN	SOLARIZATION (TK)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	PEDAL REVOLUTION (TK)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	OUR WAVE (WO)
7	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	BLUE MONDAY (GO)	FILL-IN		SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)
8		SOLARIZATION (TK)		JUICEBOX (TK)	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR (RR)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	
9	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	FOLK OASIS (RT)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)
10		THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	IN THE SHADOWS (HH)	
11	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)		ESCAPISM (EC)		LAUGH TRACKS (TK)		PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)
12				FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)		I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	
1	ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	AURAL TENTACLES (EC)		BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	FILL-IN	EARWAX (HH/DC)
2						THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (GI/MT)	
3		FILL-IN					REGGAE LINKUP (RG)
4							
5							
6							



BEACH BLANKET BLUES 12 NEW BOTTLES OF SONIC MOONSHINE

RAY'S OF SONIC SUNSHINE FROM AFAR

XUI XUI

La Foret CD

Jamie Stewart is what Victorian society would have called, "an unsettling young man." To hear **Jamie's** band **Xui Xui** is to be shaken, disturbed, and shown something original. Unnatural percussion cranks around him like wine glasses snapped at their stems.

Guitars clang and break into damaged strums, and we are suddenly jarred into listening. On **La Foret**, he sings about death, doomed love and the decay of relationships. The album waltzes between acoustic parts to intimate that his shoe can be heard scuffing on the studio floor as he moves closer to the mic. Then come the pounding dark wave thunderstorms where electronics and guitars go **Mogwai** loud and **Jamie** screams over the hissing, spitting deluge. So the choice is yours. Listen to **La Foret**, shudder, go sit in the sun and be glad you're not **Jamie**. Or, delve deeper, play it over and over, read the lyric sheet, and give your heart to the darkness. **AVAILABLE JULY 5TH**

CD 16.98

LALI PUNA

I Thought I Was Over That CD/ZLP

More super cool laidback niceness from these multi-liked Germans. This time done right and good by their many notable friends and peers. Features rarities and remixes by **Beoni Bip**, **Two Lano**, **Roccosmen**, **Intel**, **Thomas Leebog**, **To Swords Not**, **Alias**, **Flowchart**, and **Stratos**. Great on record, excellent live, now remixed — bring it on!

CD 16.98 ZLP 16.98

SUFJAN STEVENS

Illinois CD

Politic and creative, **Stevens** has more than one style, feel and sound. It's like here's several **Sufjans** working away in various studios, but all equally beloved. **Illinois** is the next state portrayed in **Stevens**, ongoing **50 State Project**, a mission too ambitious for any other (and lesser) artist than he. What to expect? More pop music greatness from a grand and rising new voice on the scene.

CD 16.98

LAURA CANTRELL

Humming By The Flowered Vine CD/LP

Host of the infamous **WFMU Thrift Shop** **Radio** program, **Laura Cantrell** has a new, various knapsack for searching through dusty old song catalogs to unearth some of the most charming gems ever written. Like a crate robbing musical archaeologist, the Nashville native songwriter leaves no stone unturned in her quest to document the best of folk and country music. In doing so **Laura** conjures up quite a delightful concoction of nostalgia, wistful dreaminess, and, let's face it, some gorgeous poetic recordings. Here joined by her all-star pals in **Caledico**, **Cantrell's** unique interpretation of her recent "historic favourites" elicits a charm associated with the all-time greats, regardless of genre. If you are new to **Laura Cantrell**, then you are new to the world and it is time for you too, to do some exploring!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

WOLF PARADE

EP CDEP

On July 7th your stereo will be forever changed. This will be the date you can pick up the latest Sub Pop signing from Montreal, Canada, **Wolf Parade**. Endorsed and recorded by **Modest Mouse's Isaac Brock**, this quartet, known for their dense sonic fury and synth punk assault, are sure to win you over big time.

CDEP 9.98



SALE PRICES
IN EFFECT UNTIL
JULY 31, 2005

LATHER UP TO THESE LOCAL SOUNDS

GREAT AUNT IDA Our Fall CD

A familiar face around **Sugar** **Refinery** closing times, **Ida** is best known for her work balancing brooding dynamics on the keys and trumpet with **The Beans**, as well as her daring improvisations in **Can!** This, her first proper solo release, is somewhere between these two points of reference, featuring some gorgeous old time balladry and great performances from her all-star band. A bright debut.

CD 12.98

THE SOLARISTS

The Channel's Twilight CD

Cameron McLellan takes time away from his **Hinterland** endeavors to retreat into the **Hive Studios** for this refreshing debut. A loose meditation on the politics of love, the state and modern disillusionment, it draws on the songwriting tradition but colors it with indie-rock spirit and simplicity. Enjoy.

CD 12.98

JON-RAE

AND THE RIVER Old Songs For the New Town CD

A new soul and familiar face around town, **Jon Rae** drops this highly anticipated sophomore release and hits the bulls-eye with his distinct blend of roots-rock a la **Will Oldham** and **Neil Young**. This guy is young and likes to drink the whiskey of sorrow before rocking — is this our **Zuma**? We love it.

CD 12.98

NORTH ATLANTIC EXPLORERS

Skylines CD

Intervening spacey songs with scenic themes and geographic imagery, enhanced by loops, samples, cinematic orchestration, and instrumental elements. **Skylines** is the result of a blend of nomadic ventures incorporating **Neil Young's** forlorn beauty, **Wilco's** dreamy textures, and **Yo La Tengo's** mesmerizing ambience.

CD 12.98

SUNSET RUBDOWN

Snakes Got A Leg CD

Just the facts baby. **Spencer Krug** makes is solo debut, leaving history trails to **Blue Pine**, **Frog Eyes**, and most recently **Sub Pop** stardom in **Wolf Parade**. This is his definitive recording moment — a shift storm of strangled sounds and dense poetics. Messed up reverberations and dense pump organ with distortion — if you are brave, you will dig **Krug's** own weird scenes from the goldmine. Recommended.

CD 12.98



FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE

Kill Rock Stars DVD Fanzine 2005 DVD

It's the newest video fanzine from **Kill Rock Stars** and **50C!** (DVD form) The first new fanzine in five long years and it's totally packed with music videos, live footage, and never before seen stuff, ranging from spoken word to French Pop to film clips to spazzy rock to mini documentaries to folk to old stuff to new stuff, and then some. Featuring old favorites like **Sleater-Kinney**, **Deerhoof**, **Juliana Looking Unwound**, **Mecca Normal**, **Slumber Party** and others, with new friends like **The Decemblers**, **Mae Shi**, the **Paper Chase** and more. Whew! So much to enjoy and view!

DVD 16.98

LOW LOW IN EUROPE DVD

U there with **Dylan's** only? **Low** is back, and this time with a new assault on London, this voyeuristic documentary of **Low** favors **Low** while in the UK is mandatory viewing for those into their revered celestial slow-core sound. Director **Sebastian Schrage** climbed into the tour van with **Low**, braving sleep deprivation, road hypnosis, warm beer, cold food and 1,000 cigarettes to document last year's tour across Europe and the UK. Told through van ride conversations, backstage banter, hotel room chats and late night revelations, **LOW IN EUROPE** is an illuminating portrait of a group making mesmerizing music at the height of their powers.

DVD 19.98

UNCORK THESE OTHER BEAUTIES!

Various - Acid Can You Jack The Tab Vol 1 CD/LP Soul Jazz obscure 80's Acid House.

Various - The Sexual Life Of The Savages CD/LP Soul Jazz Brazilian Post Punk!

Vetiver - Between CDEP San Fran's freak folk scene goes local!

Snailhouse - The Silence Show CD A gorgeous release from Montreal's Mike Frerking.

Simon Finn - Magic Moments CD Drone folk music.

Gary Higgins - Red Heat CD Psych folk gem that appeared and then quickly disappeared in 1973, is now reissued by Drag City. A Six Organs tave.

Odd Nosdam - Burner ZLP/CD Abstract hip-hop par excellence.

Biosphere - Shenzhou CD Another dreamy atmospheric orbit.

Colleen - The Golden Morning Breaks CD Seriously recommended minimal compositions.

Tull Craft - Disenchanted Hearts Unite CD DVI faves and folk.

Julie and Jennie and the Pinetops - Rivers Roll On CD Blackthroats' pioneers make good.

Black Halos - Alive Without Control CD Vancouver's bad boys are back!

Anniem - Animalia CD Look out boogie electro clash rocker.



zulu news

July 1st—29th 2005



Amy Nugent
First Rock Totems
Polaroid Images and Design



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS
Mon to Wed 10:30—7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30—9:00
Sat 9:30—6:30
Sun 12:00—6:00